22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1903

Dear Violet,

Here we are back. Lucy
says father is less tired than
he expected - he is certainly
extraordinarily happy to be back
How they will settle down,
Dear knows. At present it
feels rather grim, dotting here
& waiting, & no steps. Even of
leaving they know. But ?
Eppon we shall go back to our
usual ways.
I wrote for a Collins - but
forgot to send it - this is rather
late in the day - but ca will
understand it as written - ah very

Lot o secret. I didn't read your
letter to Olga, & we have made
an agreement that your letters are
to be included under the same rule
as Olga's - no one else is to read
them. So NYPL don't hesitate
your long letters that Ernest
Volonoe that calls steadily a heart.
How was Nelly? - how is your
back?

My brain is dry & my thing
to say - for one thing it is so
dull to be in London again,
which is as though we had left
yesterday & the Lodge is a
muddle & a Chaos. Jack
downstairs talking to Olga -
Sparrow everything at her blue tabe

a large family dinner party in half an
hour - ~~but~~ that is the state of things
& has been for many years.
Kathy has suddenly realized that father
is old, & is very affectionate
letters to Nessa. She is a good woman
& all that, & would do anything
for Nessa I know, & as it is does a
good deal - but the end of the
long sentence is that she & spasmy
aren't what you call sympathetic -
& her attitude to them nettles
makes me unreasonably irritated.
But then her attitude is the
world's - & only Ivy Violet says
the right thing, & feels it too.
Service says nothing more, but asks
every day almost how we think father is?
like a pathetic dog - & sat by
doesn't understand when we talk him.

He is altogether well meaning though
& would do ~~not~~ anything to help -
if he were more articulate.
He looks up to father & asks, how he
feels, & father says much the same -
& Snoopie comes over to say he's sorry -
But he has given up his room - and
his little ornaments, & that means
a good deal.

NYPL

This letter is, what Kitty would
call, a sign of the literary temperament
d-d specific. But I don't care
a hang!! You've got to put up
with it - my poor Violet.

PS:
Temperature
99 letter just gone -
below normal -

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Friday.
2nd Oct. 1903

My Violet.

I wonder how you managed the
journey. I think of you wheels
cheeks - & the pain going on
all the time. & the long
travelling day & night. But
you are there now - that's something.
As for love & worry Come back
very much better. I do hate
you to be ill. By a
brute of a word, & I'm in a
damned bad temper - I hope you don't

mind had language & had writing —
had everything. We have had
Smiley affectionate sentimental visiting
here, at their wits end what to
say I suppose, & so saying the
wrong thing NYPL & they can't & people
be simple & share afterward in this
world — that's what I want to
know. I always say with my
mean, even if I say it with sarcasm —
Wallaby snout — & the claw —
pranks & pawings & I'm no saint
but I say it — & — simpler it
life would be so much simpler if
we could flay the outside skin
off the talk & pretense &
sentimentality we don't feel & we —

That's why I set a wire for now
isn't it? (Here for most
Show Great Emotion.)
But to beginning my Violet. No
News of Katie - Except a line
the Evening I saw for from
Beatrice. She says Katie & the
Baby are well & it's nice to hear a
child's voice!! I never thought I
should. But won't that. I mean the
child - Solve some of Beatrice's
Knots? I believe it will.
It will be something spontaneous in
that grim house - & thank God
won't have heard the Bath two
minutes yet. I'm sure suppose
farther with stand beside it's cradle!
Gerald stayed for in Paris - no talking

done fat - Except that Mary & Thoby
sit together & plan his career - (two Es!)
It is this kind of thing, that's so
damned pathetic - by & making
talking like seriously, & making
plans & thinking about money & the
factors - but one must. Thoby
wants to go to the Bar, & I
am sure he will eventually.
Case is started again - so is the
Academy. Long poor Violet - what a
lot of Dog Days Ex have
Thank me
there yet Ex -
truly if Ex are sorry or better of
what. Ex remember there is a
very fine instinct wireless telegraphy
nothing to it - in women - The
Darling - which fizzles up pretences.
& I know what Ex mean though Ex
Don't say it. I hope & I do write these letters
with Ex -

without any effort to make it
grammatical. John Bailey would'nt
approve. Is Hester back? is
Margaret by Hilton back - George
is fat as Elsie - but merely
filial. The Duckworth temperament
I believe like their temperate
(John would scratch out this sentence)
relationships. Sisters' mothers Ex-
not wives. Nurses come in
to get a book - wants to know
how for one, miss Dickens would
make a good nurse 'She so -
so strong minded, unselfish, &
practical - ' those were her very
words - ✓ that is the last
Re: prayer she reserves for the
Elect. Do for ourselves are
they at Fritham in the spring
for our relationship - how I said to you

I should like to be married by 6 o'clock
when I'm ill. Wasn't that
phosphatic & instinctive? typical
of so much in our lives.
My Robert, how are you? I don't
like letters which ask many silly
questions; & repetition is a sign of
weakness, but tell me true, I repeat
again. It was I felt a melancholy
last night & you that — Does
Cook find abroad satisfying?
She must be a woman of great
imagination. The London hospital
haunts me — I dream I'm a nurse
there — which is of all likelihoods
the last likely. There isn't
much change here — but it is
extraordinarily pathetic somehow,
to use an odd word — But there
is nothing to be unhappy about.
My Robert — take care

Yr Jo

1903

My Violet,

I'm afraid you may object to this sheet of paper - but God with it. You sent me one good letter - such as it behoves an honest woman - should you think that was pretty sound grammar? Well you write under great difficulties - behalf my electric light is seized with a sort of Vitus's dance - ah behalf it wins is worn though - & poor Sparrey - never was a little Wallaby made to sweat, so for her virtue - she sweat. literally sweat - Today I put on Combey flannel trousers - sky blue - suspenders - all most hygienic - but so hot! my flesh is melting in sheaves of affection - & my skin is that irritable. Does one get used to it?

And as if this wern't enough I was
persuaded to buy a handsome black coat
which I think was originally meant for
lady and child - child contained
within, for underneath. Bricks where
the coat is inches thick - stand out
stiff like armour & weighs pounds &
pounds. My corsets are like sackcloth
must have been, which are worn next
one's skin in penance.
My Violet, how is the pine? Is it any
better - any worse - or the same?
Anything tell me quite truely: &
for Gods sake & Spares take
care. Do you find pretty happy
& pretty regular & a mix?
Do you think & Spares with content
& comfort? Do you love her much?
You are to me a rock in the quicksand
of Kettley & Snows.
We went & asked after Katie the other
day. Her Ladyship going on very well - &

the valley' - that must be a load off their
poor sympathetic mind. We must try a
fat hold on Beatrice before she slips off
to Egypt. Kitty is in the very
heart of the politics at Birmingham
with Joe & Milner. Her head with
pen light off with theories. George has
moved to the Treasury - has a rise of salary &
is Lord Selborne's. When we come to
breakfast this morning there was a faint
mew in the lake - the Treasury messenger
with important letters from Cabinet
ministers which must wait even the
Sabbath. George touches his high walks
much as wobbly happiness at moments like
these. But sparrow has come to an
mournful Egoistical conclusion - she's a
fool. I can't understand why these
facts & figures for the life of me - & all
the rest talk glibly. Do you understand?
The British brain feeds on facts -
flourishes on nothing else - but I can't
reason." Do you mind - do you think it's

make me a foolish wife?
Nessa turns green to hear of your husband
v Sergeant. They have him next month at
the Academy. Says he's as regular as a
Clock. She's a nice woman really -
v sneering party her arm round Sparrow!!
As for the Nurse - She flourishes.
When she buys flowers she sniffs up each a
branch - She runs in here at all hours -
When I'm in bed even - & Sports talks
I never heard anyone with such a lot to say.
(Sparrow's letters are rather sparse now)
She is so absolutely clean & healthy
v normal - I feel she rather one all over -
not with talk only. Father
felt weaker I suppose: he hasn't been
out once since we were back - Except
that time he went half way up the
Street. He is finishing Hobbes - there are
some small things he can do afterwards.
He said the other day, to the old Quaker
Sister, that he felt much weaker, but
couldn't make out what was the matter

& didn't like to ask Nancy. He enjoys seeing people for half an hour or so & talk away - but most of the day he is very tired. He said he didn't mind dying for himself, but he should like to see a little more of the children. He feels, I think, that we are just grown up, & able to talk to him - & he wants to see & what belongs of us - In that way it hard - for him - but not really I think. So talking to Sophie & Gerald: they are a marvellous pair. A dinner with them is something to laugh over ten days later - Characters what amazes me. Lord - they are comic - Gerald a little jealous & Sophie the good boy whose virtue has been rewarded. If ever I write a novel, those two shall be in large as life. "People always take me George ought to have been a diplomat" says Gerald - "Now I think I should have made a good diplomat" - & waits for an answer - George explains very

earnestly how one should always set up
to open the door for a lady in a
Diplomatic household". Pixton is
the diplomatic household for him.

This is terrible scrawling - & not all
of it exceedingly interesting. It rains
all day all night - I believe it
would be very bad for you, to dart
rush back like a homesick child.
Is it very beastly - no one to talk to -
nothing to do? But if you can
come home with a sound back for two
weeks, NYPL it will be worth while.

Tomorrow I am going to buy a Gold pen -
I go through wearing - with my pens - all
my paw black at the end too. Should
you call this a pretty good hand? The
truth is I want appreciation -
Why not see Nelly? She is an Exquisite
little Creature - nothing like a woman
of that Kind & Kolety Kind in the world.
They are all the thing we poor writers
try to write - & Cant - Isn't that verse
pretty? My Violet Good bye, & Bless you
S AS.

tongent, & never come anywhere
near again. There'll be oceans of
talk & smoking without end.
I'm sure all this 22, HYDE PARK GATE, 1903
interests you so much! S.W.
I went to the Zoo to day & I
want to get a nice Green Monkey.
Do write a good hot letter. Nessa going
My Woman. to stay with Ly. Carnarvon
to monday
Friday to Grim Lond
Sat
you may
come
11 Why dont you come
London? Have you taken
root in the soil - as I foretold
lost to civilisation & all the
Graces. Really a cook more or
less doesn't much matter.
We lived on an old decrepit
peoples woman for a week
the other day, when Lopley went
for a holiday. the food was
unexpected, but amusing. It
added rather to the harmony

of the household. But I know
it isn't that that keeps you —
it's the slow effect of digging
& planting all day long, which
leaves you naked like Eve so
that you don't dare show yourself
in London — naked as to the
spirit I mean, as we shall
all be before the Lord.
This evening for 2 hours I
have tried to write sensible
letters to old Aunts & family
friends, & I haven't finished one
of 'em — I can't write
sensible letters, & you don't
matter

Nessa has got Sargent at the Academy now, & the Duty & Daughter sitting to her to morrow - Sargent is worth all the other leaching he's ever had. As far as I can make out, he likes her thing, but ladies are so inarticulate. Anyhow she likes him - his voice - even his green eyes. He stands staring straight at the canvas for 10 minutes, & then says "You've got the right idea". All the other scrubby creatures turn green with jealousy, what women are! I go a rummage in the London Library now. I got into the vaults where they keep the time yesterday, & had to be fished out by a man. But too many books

have been written already -
making more -
it's no use
Eleanor is said to be a worse
Prig after than written - all
talk. I'm going to write a
great play which shall be all
talk too - that so Ealing you'll
squeeze in your seat - That is
a plan of mine & Jacks - we
are going to write it together -
It could be done I'm sure -
I'm going to have a man & a
woman - show them growing up -
never meeting - not knowing
each other - but all the time
you'll feel them come nearer -
nearer - This will be the dull
exciting part (as you say) - but
when they almost meet - only a
door between - you see how
they just miss - & go off at a

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Saturday night

November
1903

Dear Violet,

Such a cruel day for your journey - the careful planning thereby - what a terrible thing motherhood, for instance, would be, if an intimacy increased - the cares of daily life to this extent - but there's no immediate prospect of that. An afternoon indoors by the fire is a rare treat in this house - I began to write to you, & then Cara knocked rigorously. She blushes like a maid on (I say nothing against her - mark(s) when I say I am writing to you -

82, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

She says 'hers Dickenson (with the Violets
Loan ? Has such a sensible look in her
eyes. but I wont listen to such stuff.
Everyone says Your praises. Mads Vaughan
Has just been here - takes down Your
photograph from the mantelpiece -
Oh I have heard so much about her'
aint it flattering ? LNYPL One thing I cant
stand is flattery - Aunt Annie Rothchild
says will you go to tea with her.
Lays a woman of genius -
Kelly says You a party in some
tells a long story of a party
Lea Side villas. which was made
brilliant by your lifts - Then she produces
some fine theory of genius to meet
Your eyes. But this is a very dark letter.

I never can write three lines without somebody coming in – never for any purpose. Madge has been here from 5 to 8 – three whole hours talking hard in my arm chair. She is a strange creature – half a child – but marriage is a heavy burden. She doesn't think much of John Bailey either. There words with jump out writ in Scarlet in the Lyttelton atmosphere. We passed Diana R. in the street the other day, tripping along with bright red cheeks, as though no evil doings were on her conscience – as they are, or ought to be. A Flora-George marriage would not be unlike a Madge-Will Vaughan marriage – Madge tired out with brilliancy & speculating & home & socially accepts finally the Suburban orthodox Will – & it is, as marriage goes (tho' always a sceptic) a success. But I rather doubt. Flora will be settled into all her ways, & not willing to take the plunge down – they will any how/will have to be bent

as soon as read. I can't write happily
with only skeleton ~~name~~ initials.
I write this under some difficulties tonight.
Susan L. calls for me at 10 tomorrow —
It will be. I know, rather a ponderous day —
all that good behaviour, & white gloves
like Beatrice. (however shabby her dress is
she always wears light, brilliant white gloves)
But Susan's big wrong eyes a cheerful
sight. I feel a great affection for him,
poor little boy. Did you say
good bye to Katie? I suppose she is
on the sea, or rocking in the hair tonight
in all this wind, & Baby Cromer crying
too.
I don't expect Hester has really such
a loveable character as sparrow —
at least that is my guess. What
should you think? This ink is
diluted. Do you have much time
for reading letters in the country —
because I had thought of taking another
sheet — Lord knows there's nothing to say.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

We have daily tea parties - oh so dull -
distinguished old gentlemen for the most
part, & a few sentimental Ladies.
"Does father work so much better" &c &c -
What d'you think they say it for?
With the object is a revelation. What
human nature can be - in the way
of sentimentality & hypocrisy - ah
Save my Violet, who likes them as a lighthouse
above it all - what an apt simile -
(Violet gets two many compliments)
Father is just about the same -
how it is the end of November - tomorrow
his 71st birthday, the day on
which Minnie, his wife, died, long ago.
He asks no questions, sometimes says he
wonders what it means, but
believe he hardly thinks of death, or
any future - or he would worry -

The Nurse has gone behind her mask
again - the mysterious woman. She a
Mechanic at talking till 1.30 A.M.
drinking tea. But not a word is
breathed to us. I can't help feeling
that she is mentally tired out.
almost bored. But she is a strange
woman. We have had no relations -
at least missed them.

My Robert, are you good & well.
& feeling pretty happy? Such a
brilliant woman as you are (I can't
get that word out of my head)
ought to be happy - all her friends
cowering with pen beaks for her to
feed them - Sparrow weakest aspect of all.
Can you come next week - really I could
come to you, if it is easier -

F. H.